1203

GLOTTA

A

POEM

Humbly inſcribed to the Right Honourable the

MARQUESS of *CARNARVON.*

By Mr. ARBUCKLE, Student in the Univerſity of GLASGOW.

Tu mihi, Timoleon, magni ſpes maxima Patris,
Nec Patriæ minor, Aonii novus incola Montis,
Adde gradum comes. ——— Buch: *de Sphæra.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

GLOTTA

A

POEM,

SACRED, O *Glotta*, be the following Strains;
Thy flow'ry Borders, and thy pleasing Plains,
Inspire the Muse. *Carnarvon*, present be;
I Sing of *Glotta*, and I Sing to thee;
Whose late appearance in these *Northern* Climes
Is thus reflected back in *Northern* Rhimes.

WINDSOR'S fair Foreſt in the Poet's Lays
Its verdant Beauties far and wide diſplays;
Nor length of Time can change the beauteous Scene,
Become Immortal in the Godlike Strain.
Ev'n Trees long ſince decay'd, in Verſe ariſe,
And wave for ever in fictitious Skies.
Oh! did my Breaſt with equal Ardor glow,
So *Glotta*'s Flood ſhould in my Numbers flow.
Not *Cooper's*-Hill more Graceful ſhould appear,
Nor lovely *Loddon*'s Chriſtal Waves more clear.
Tho' *Thames* in five Degrees of better Skies,
Nearer the Sun, and Royal *BRUNSWICK* lies
Tho' fair *Auguſta's Towrs* his Banks adorn,
And plenty boaſts an unexhauſted Horn,
Our *Glotta* yet with juſtice lays her Claim
To ſhare his Beauty, tho' not Wealth and Fame.
Here Nature's Charms in gay Confuſion riſe,
Not leſs delightful, while they give ſurprize.

There Mountains cap'd with everlaſting Snow,
Defend from Storms the fruitful Vales below
Here Palaces along the River's ſide,
Illuſtrious tremble in the Silver Tide.
Fair Fields of Corn enrich the labour'd Soil,
The Reaper's Treaſure now, as once his Toil.
On either Side ſequeſter'd Arbours cloſe,
And awful ſcenes of ſilent Bliſs compoſe:
High o'er the reſt the *Oak* his Head up rears;
To brave the Tempeſts of a Thouſand Years.
Ev'n the bold Shores that break the foaming Flood,
No frightful Proſpect yield, tho' wild and rude;
But marks to guide the trembling Pilot ſtand,
And in their Arms import him ſafe to Land.

As mighty Things from ſmall Beginings riſe,
So *Glotta*'s Flood at firſt a Brook ſupplies,
Till by the Confluence of Succeſſive Streams,
The ſwelling Current larger Channel claims.

Now rifted Mountains interrupt its Courſe;
In vain; Reſiſtance but augments its Force.
Calm and ſerene, it Paſſage firſt demands,
And in ſuſpence a while collected ſtands,
Till grown impatient with too long delay,
It gathers all its Rage, and burſts its way.
As o'er the Steep the ruſhing Torrents break,
The Mountains tremble, and the Vallies ſhake.
With dreadful din the deep Abyſs reſounds;
Our Ears not more the cruſh of Thunder wounds.
But ſoon appeas'd, again it gently flows,
And lips the flow'ry Margin as it goes.

And now the Groves of *Hamilton* appear,
Th' enamour'd Flood retards its Progreſs here:
Unnumber'd Beauties croud the verdant Plain,
And ſweetly mingle with the Sylvan Scene.
Here Art and Nature, ſeeming to conteſt
Not more to pleaſe us, than delude us beſt,

Diſguiſe their Form, and borrow'd Poſtures chuſe;
Nature is regular, and Art profuſe.
In theſe Retreats a long illuſtrious Line
Their fair Abode th' indulgent Pow'rs aſſign:
A Race of *Heroes* fam'd in Ages paſt;
Oh, may their Virtues propagate, and laſt!

OF lovely *Avon* who the Charms can tell,
Whoſe clear chaſte Waves thy Boſom, *Glotta*, ſwell?
Two verdant Hillocks bank the ſhining Stream,
Their Image quiv'ring in the watry Gleam.
In the fair Mirrour pleas'd the Wood-Nymphs look,
And draw green Landskips on the mimick Brook.
Here on a rugged Rock with wild ſurprize,
Barncleugh's high Terraces romantick riſe;
A hanging Paradiſe; enchanted Scenes;
Gay Precipices; and refracted Greens.

OH, happy he! whom bounteous Heav'n ſhall give
The nauſeous World forſaking, here to live;

In

In humble Virtues all his Hours employ,
And feel his Boſom pant with ſilent Joy;
Contemplate Heav'n, and look upon the Sun,
See the Trees bloſſom, and the River run;
Amid the Shades in ſober Tranſports walk,
And hold with conſcious Heav'n myſterious Talk.
Here with Contempt he Mortals may behold,
In low Purſuits of empty Bliſs grow old,
Himſelf poſſeſſing all that Nature knows,
Conducive or to Pleaſure, or Repoſe.

DESCENDING with the winding Flood, the Muſe
A joyleſs Sight, deſerted *Borhwel* views;
Late generous *Forfar*'s; who by Rebels ſlain,
Abates the Glory of thy Fields, *Dunblain*.
Are theſe thy Gifts, oh fatal Love of Fame!
And muſt a Life be loſt to win a Name?
In equal Hazards muſt the Virtuous be,
Who fight to ſave, and conquer to ſet free,

With

With thoſe that grown in impious Actions bold,
Boaſt all their Merit Kings and Countries ſold?
Yes, *Glotta*, juſtly thou thy valiant Son
Might'ſt in ſad Strains, and ſadder yet bemoan;
Who brought new Honours to a mighty Name,
Of antient Date, and near ally'd to Fame:
But Heav'n reproves thy Grief, and bids thee ſmile,
Yet happy in an *Orkney*, and *Argyle*.

THRO' flow'ry Vallies, and enamel'd Meads,
The haſtening Flood at length to *Glaſgow* ſpeeds.
Its *Northern* Bank a lovely Green diſplays,
Whoſe e'ery Proſpect freſh Delights conveys.
Alternate Shades of blowing Flow'rs we view
Of various Tincture, waſh'd in fragrant Dew.
Here the ſhrill Larks their mattin Songs repeat,
The yielding Air the tender Strains dilate,
As o'er the Surface of the Stream they glide;
And ſweetly languiſh on the Silver Tide.

Here, when declining *Sol* extends the Shades,
Reſort victorious Throngs of charming Maids.
Not fabled *Paphos*, or th' *Arcadian* Plain,
Could ever boaſt a brighter Virgin Train;
More gentle Looks, or Eyes more ſparkling ſhow,
Or Cheeks that with a livelier Crimſon glow.
What envious Pow'r then firſt contriv'd, or made
That Foe to Beauty, and to Love, a Plaid?
Deſtruction ſeize the guilty Garb, that holds
Conceal'd ſuch Charms in its malicious Folds.
Of this, O *Thyrſis*, could thy Strains unſhrine,
Thy *Sacchariſſa*, how the Fair would ſhine!
Her bright Example would the Law impoſe,
And all the Green a Gallaxy diſcloſe.

IN *Winter* too, when hoary Froſts o'erſpread,
The verdant Turf, and naked lay the Mead,
*The vig'rous Youth commence the ſportive War,
And arm'd with Lead, their jointed Clubs prepare;

The

* The Game of Golf.

The Timber Curve to Leathern Orbs apply,
Compact, Elaſtic, to pervade the Sky:
Theſe to the diſtant Hole direct they drive;
They claim the Stakes who thither firſt arrive.
Intent his Ball the eager Gameſter eyes,
His Muſcles ſtrains, and various Poſtures tries,
Th' impelling Blow to ſtrike with greater Force,
And ſhape the motive Orb's projectile Courſe.
If with due Strength the weighty Engine fall,
Diſcharg'd obliquely, and impinge the Ball,
It winding mounts aloft, and ſings in Air;
And wond'ring Crowds the Gameſter's Skill declare.
But when ſome luckleſs wayward Stroke deſcends,
Whoſe Force the Ball in running quickly ſpends,
The Foes triumph, the Club is curs'd in vain;
Spectators ſcoff, and ev'n Allies complain.
Thus ſtill Succeſs is follow'd with Applauſe;
But ah! how few eſpouſe a vanquiſh'd Cauſe!

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But *Glaſgow's* Beauty ſhall outlaſt her lays.

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Tho' ſmall in Compaſs, not the leſt in Fame,
She boaſts her lofty Tow'rs, and antient Name.
Rais'd eminent the ſacred Pile appears,
Rev'rend with Age, but not impair'd by Years,
From holy *Mungo* nam'd; of daring Height,
And Antique Structure, awful to the Sight,
To Heav'n their Homage here the Living pay;
Here wait the Dead the Dawn of endleſs Day:
The neigbouring Rocks, and mingled Graves encreaſe
The ſilent Horrors of the ſacred Place;
Bid Human-kind their latter End diſcern,
And living well, the Art of Dying learn.

OH, How my Breaſt with Ardent Wiſhes glows!
The Muſes now their lov'd Retreat diſcloſe,
With pious Care preſerving ſtill in Bloom
Tranſplanted hither, th' Arts of *Greece* and *Rome*.
Here in long Mazes of abſtracted Thought
Thy Footſteps, Truth, the learned Tribe have ſought.

Our

Our virtuous Youth the generous Chaſe purſue,
Improving Antient Arts, or ſearching new:
Not idly reſting in the ſhow of Things,
But tracing Nature to her hidden Springs.
Yon' radiant Hoſt of rolling Orbs above,
How vaſt their Circles, and how ſwift they move,
What Pow'r directs their everlaſting Line,
By Turns to ſeek the Centre, or decline.
What Second-Cauſe Heav'n's high Commands performs
In ſhatt'ring Tempeſts, and convulſive Storms,
When in an awful Gloom the Clouds ariſe,
Blue Light'nings flaſh, and Thunders burſt the Skies.
Why cold the fluid Element reſtores
A harder Subſtance, yet of wider Pores.
Or what more neatly touches Human-kind,
The Pow'rs and Nature of Immortal Mind,
Which only conſcious of its Being, knows
Th' Eternal SOURSE from whence that Being flows.
How Laws their Force and Sanctity obtain,
How far they reach, and what they ſhould reſtrain.

Whence

Whence flow the Rules the Good and Juſt obey,
And how themſelves all Virtue's Arts repay.
Happy Purſuits that bring ſerene Delight,
Endear paſt Labours, and to new invite.
Let Vice diſplay her Charms, nor we embrace,
Her gay Deluſions, and falacious Peace:
Where ſhort's the Truce we from our Torments gain,
And varying Pleaſure but perpetuates Pain.
Theſe better Arts into the Mind convey
More lively Joys, and in a nobler Way.

Excuse, my Lord, the Muſe, nor diſapprove
Theſe faint Expreſſions of a well-meant Love.
This Verſe at leſt was to a Mother due,
Nor ill diſcharg'd the Debt when paid to you,
Whoſe generous Viſit to the Reverend Dame
Renews her Luſtre, and aſſerts her Fame.
Oh, may it laſt! and ſhe continue late
Lov'd by the Wiſe, and honour'd by the Great.

Propitious

Propitious Fates the Matron ſtill attend:
Montroſe protect, and *Chandois* long befriend.

ALBION may boaſt, nor boaſts indeed in vain,
Of Learning's Sons a long illuſtrious Train;
Inſpired Bards, and Sages born to view
Truth's dark Receſſes, and look Nature thro':
Nor envy, *Scotia*, thou a Siſters Worth,
While *Phœbus* plants his Lawrels in the *North*.
Here *Douglas*, here the noble *Maitland* Sung; *
Th' *Auſonian* Lyre here fam'd *Buchanan* ſtrung.
Exalted high the godlike Genius ſhines,
A *Britiſh* Bard confeſs'd in *Roman* Lines.
Oh greatly injur'd Shade! who ſhall attone
The wrongs to thee by envious Criticks done?
My ardent Vow may Heav'n indulgent hear,
And Tune to *Britiſh* Strains thy charming SPHERE.

But

* *Gavin Douglas* Biſhop of *Dunkeld*, and *John Maitland* late Earl of *Lauderdale*.

But ſmall were Fame from Ages paſt deriv'd,
Unleſs an equal Genius ſtill ſurviv'd.
Its ancient Vigour ſtill the Soil exerts;
In Arms by none, by few excell'd in Arts.

O happy *Glotta*, ſuch a Realm to boaſt;
A Realm unleſs by thee ſupported, loſt,
Hers are the Fruits thy floating Foreſts yield,
And th' annual Harveſts of the watry Field.
For her thy *Oaks* their native Realms explore,
Deſpoiling Kingdoms which they grac'd before.
Thy plenteous Flood a ſcaly Breed ſupplies;
And Seas produce the Gold the land denies.
An Hundred Nations by thy Bounty live
And in return their Wealth to *Britain* give.
See! how in Shoals the finny Squadrons ſail,
Their numbers dreadful to the Tyrant *Whale*.
Thro' the green Wave the ſparkling *Herring* ſprings,
The Surface breaking into Silver Rings.

The broad-back'd *Cod* his ſcarlet Gills diſplays,
Devours his Neighbours, and uſurps the Seas.
Couch'd on the Deep, a horrid Monſter lies
The *Seal*, and barks to ſilent Rocks and Skies.
In vain their number, and their Strength in vain
Can Fraud oppoſe, or Induſtry reſtrain:
Caught in the Net, a certain Prey they lie,
Or by the Hook's diſſembling Bounty die.
Ev'n deeper yet, our Luxury purſues
The ſlumbring *Oyſter* in its peaceful Ooze.
Delicious Morſel! what, alas! avail
Thy lucid Globe, and cloſe indented Mail?
But what is loſing ſuch a Life as thine,
If in a Crown the ripen'd Drop ſhall ſhine;
Or on *Belinda*'s panting Boſom ſhown,
Enſlave a Thouſand Hearts, beſides her own?
Repine not we, tho' barb'rous Nations boaſt
Exauſtleſs Riches in a Golden Coaſt;

Since in our Floods are lodg'd thoſe precious Stores,
That join both Worlds, and make their Products ours.
Theſe Bleſſings Heav'n, and Liberty beſtow;
And ſuch thy happy Portion, *Glotta* now.

NOT ſuch the Times our great Forefathers ſaw;
Whoſe Lives were endleſs War, and Arms their Law;
When factious *Thanes* the publick Peace withſtood;
And *Scottiſh* Fields profan'd with *Scottiſh* Blood.
Ere yet the Fate-inferring Marble Chair
Its dark myſterious meaning did declare,
Or our proud Thiſtle mingled with the Roſe,
To bid defiance to *Britania's* Foes.
The fruitful Fields, neglected ſcarcely fed
The hardy Race, who to defend them bled.
Nor Hills nor Vales could other Proſpects ſhow,
Than ſights obſcene, and Monuments of Woe.
Then *Glotta*, leaning on her Silver Urn,
Was heard her deſolated Shores to mourn.

Her flowing Treſſes droping Pearls no more,
With Sedge, and ſliny Ooze were clotted o'er.
Horror her Garb, her Look Dejection wears,
Her Mantle bloody and her Eyes in Tears.
When on the Hills a ſecond-ſighted Sage,
In Viſions rais'd, tho' bending down with Age,
Appear'd, and raviſh'd into future Times,
Compos'd, her Sorrows in prophetick Rhimes.

FORBEAR, he ſaid, fair Nymph, thy Griefs forbear
Nor give a Looſe to Terror, and Deſpair.
The Time ſhall come, the Time already ſee!
The joyful Reign of glorious Liberty:
When generous Views thy Sons ſhall reconcile,
And Peace and Plenty on thy Borders ſmile.
In hoſtile Banks then *Tweed* ſhall flow no more,
But join the Realms ſhe did divide before.
Where little Tyrants rul'd a ravag'd Land,
There lawful Kings ſhall ſtretch their juſt Command,

Atten-

Attentive hear their injur'd People groan,
And make the weary Ploughman's Toils his own:
Secure the Fields in their entruſted Grain,
Bear down th' Oppreſſor, and protect the Swain.
Safe on thy Banks thy peaceful Sons ſhall ſtray,
To throw the Net, and ſeize the ſcaly Prey.
For then unus'd to Tumults and Alarms,
The Youth ſhall find no further Uſe of Arms,
Nor Foes purſue, but in the *Sylvan* Chace:
And wage no War but with the brutal Race.

CEASE then thy Fears, erect thy downcaſt Eyes,
See fairer Days, and brighter Suns ariſe:
Thy Fields with Corn, thy Borders crown'd with Woods
And goodly Navies floating in thy Floods,
Mankind deliver'd from the ſlaught'ring Sword,
Juſtice triumphant, and her Scales reſtor'd:
Mercy infolding Wretches in her Arms,
And Faith all ſhining with unſpotted Charms.

He ſaid; the ruſhing Winds forgot to blow,
Smooth was the Surface, and the Waves roll'd ſlow:
The Goddeſs ſmil'd, and from her radiant Eyes
A chearful Gleam o'erſpread the watry Skies:
Around her flock'd the Nymphs, and little Loves,
And gentle Zephyrs fann'd the fragrant Groves.

BE yours my Lord, in after Years the Care
Some Royal *Brunſwick's* gracious Toils to ſhare.
The Patriot ſecond the Imperial ſmile,
And equal ſhine on all the *Britiſh* Iſle,
'Till all Diſguſts, and ſecret Murmurs gone,
The Realm in Int'reſt as in Name be One:
Impartial Riches flow in ev'ry Stream,
And *Thames* and *Glotta* mutual Friendſhip claim.
While I, the meaneſt of the tuneful Train,
Deſcribe green Fields, and paint the *Sylvan* Scene:

Happy

Happy, if *Glotta* in my Strains ſhall be
Grac'd with Poetick Banks, and firſt by me.

F I N I S.